Edw. No this way huntſman,
See where the Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horſe ſtands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and ſo take ſhipping into Flanders:
Ed. Come then. *Haſtings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may repoſſeſſe the Crowne.
Now huntſman, what will you do?
Huntſ. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.
Edw. Come then lets away with ſpeed. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace ſo paſſionate of late?
Qu. Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe King *Edward* had of late?
Riuers. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwick*.
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Ri. What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I ther's my greefe, King Edward is ſurpriz'd,
And led away as priſoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceyue,
That ſome will ſet him in his Throne againe.
Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,

King

King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to Englands crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Haſtings, with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

Maior. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cauſe we ſtand vpon our guard,
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue the Towne.
Henry now is king, and we are ſworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.
Haſt. Why my Lord Maior, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
Maior. Say you ſo, then Ile open them preſently.
Exit Maior.
Rich. By my faith, a wiſe ſtout captaine, and ſoone perſwaded

The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maior, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes:
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, deſpight of all your foes.

Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and ſoldiors.

How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Montgommery*,
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?

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